

Zach

I attend today to speak not only for myself, but for one who cannot, my Step Mother, Justine.

I have always had a dispersed family, as my parents have always been apart. That is until Justine came into our lives and showed me what it was like to have a family that not only feels healthy and wholesome, but a family that can **thrive** together. Before Justine came into my scope of awareness, our house was just a place to live. She brought positivity, spontaneity, and laughter. She made our house a **home**. I would arrive at home to the comfortability of my Father and his fiancée, Juzzy, being in elevated states of being. **Blissful**. I had never seen my Father so at ease, so excited, so ecstatic. I cannot remember a **moment** of negativity amongst our new family. I felt a sense of calmness knowing that my Father had a partner that made him feel complete. I had seen him search and be open to finding true love. I felt this unexplainable **connectedness** between them, I knew she was the one. The alchemy was composed in a mixture of creation that did not seem conceivable, not until she was part of our existence.

We were to be in Hawaii for the wedding ceremony in two weeks time. Cut short by misjudgement and lack of awareness. I have family from Australia, not by law, but by love. I now wonder if our Australian family feels pain when they spend time with me. We were meant to be a family for life, robbed of our connection. I contemplate whether my Father will ever be able to attain true love like we were fortunate to have experienced for the time we did. Our family carries a deep and heavy weight from the loss of our Justine. We will remain family, entangled with complex uncomfortability within our relationships as a result of the tragedy.

Juzzy enlightened my way of thinking, overall, my way of being. She heightened my ability to meditate, my ability to express love for myself and for the world. Gracing me with new perspective and openness to all that is and is to be. She pushed me to explore, to dive deeper within, to enjoy the moment, as that is **all** we ever have. Justine cared for me and loved me unconditionally. I felt like I belonged in her presence, she made me feel alive.

I now come home wondering how it will feel to enter my house. I now come home wondering how my Father is at the moment. I now come home to find my Father sitting up late during the night, pondering the harsh reality of what our life now is. I now come home only to remember the meaningful memories of her welcoming me at the door. I now come home to see all of her fairies, gnomes, and fuzzy animals, but she is not there. I now come home to sit with my dad, and a piece of us is missing. A treasured piece we will never get back. I now lay awake in bed wondering how this could be. I now have more anxiety when I see humans that have given their oath to serve and protect us **everyday**. I now lay awake with anxious thoughts and feelings that are difficult to identify or **convey**. I now wake up from night terrors to a reality which often seems no different than **today**. I now live and get caught in grief leading me **astray**. I now live an impact which has no singular effect, rebuilding my heart of **dismay**. I now look upon the cosmos wishing somehow Juzzy could **stay**. I now feel fear, uncomfortability, and hatred of my native home, knowing I want to **runaway**. I sit with you all, here, now, hoping that the police culture, force, and officers actually hear what I have to **say**.

This should not have happened and everyone knows it and feels it loud and **clear**. Living in disbelief as the states actions and accountability of which they cannot **adhere**. I find it sick living in a society infused with a mental illness within the consciousness and **atmosphere**. I try to open my heart, in attempts to transform our **biosphere**. The towering challenges I climb and face on a daily basis, and I am no **mountaineer**. I try the best to be in the present, at times I could not **persevere**. All I ask is for you to be sympathetic and **sincere**. I will see a squad car, often followed by a **tear**. Often times having to pull over while driving unable to **steer**. Juzzy did her best in teaching me not to live in **fear**. Our family heard nothing but silence for about two **years**. Our minds wandering down never ending pathways, but yet the pain was **clear**. Left in misery and mystery as to why our Juzzy is not on this **sphere**.

Now we no longer coexist in the physical realm, we connect on the celestial sphere. I love you Justine, my **dear**.